

SPRING NUMBER

Harner

The **ALEMBIC**
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

BORN OF THE SEA

HAPPINESS

AWAKENING

THE IRISH WAY

LIBERTY IN SOVIET RUSSIA

SPIRITUALISM

PRESSBOX

ROTUNDA GALLERY

RESIDUE

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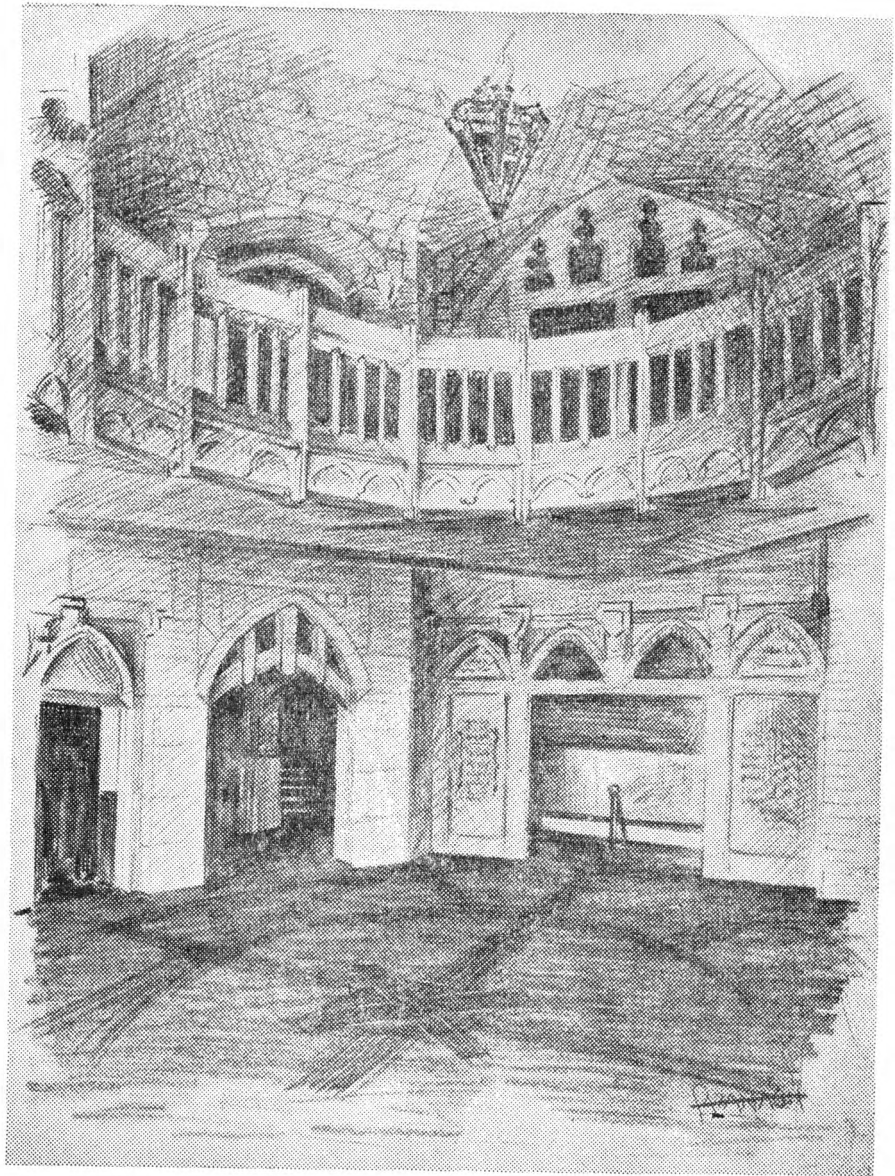
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A decorative border of intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text. At the bottom center, there are three heraldic shields: the left one is a shield with a cross and a triangle; the middle one is a shield with a cross and a banner above it that reads "VERITAS"; the right one is a shield with a triangle and a cross.

The Alembic
Providence College

Published
by the
Students of
Providence College
Providence R. I.



Happiness



FOUR YEARS of college have made me an automaton. It seems that all my actions are of a mechanical nature. I eat, sleep, work, study, and relax. Each one of these activities is compressed and crammed into my existence. My college career has made me almost a slave to Time. Just one thing after another, crowding and pushing: the one afraid of being enveloped and smothered, the other like a spirited horse prancing wildly in its eagerness to get on. And you ask me wherein lies happiness. Just stop for a moment the onward rush and overwhelming surge of life, and let me think, reflect, and be lonely once again. I want to dream and build castles in the air—a devoted wife, a noble son and a charming daughter, a comfortable home, a well-stocked bookcase, a chair before the fireplace, a few of life's luxuries. Then I ought to feel happy. But a doubt enters my mind. I realize that there is something lacking. I am not perfectly happy because nothing that I have ever possessed was capable of fully and permanently satisfying my desires. Happiness cannot be simply subjective, a transient state of mind created by the possession of some temporal good. Those things in which I find pleasure are only transitory and soon will pass away. Perfect happiness, therefore, can come only from the possession of a good perfect in every way. Such a good must obviously be desirable in and for itself. It cannot be a means to an ulterior good. It must be fully and permanently satisfying. But for that perfect and eternal bliss I have an irresistible, indestructible desire; for otherwise, my innate desire would be vain, God's wisdom would be questioned since there must be something to secure

the desire which He has placed within me, and His goodness would be unintelligible since the brute can satisfy its desires with sensible goods. I know further that this perfect happiness is unattainable in this life, if for no other reason, at least for this, that inexorable death puts an early end to all earthly happiness. What then is the nature of everlasting happiness?

We turn to Saint Thomas for an answer to this vital query. The Angelic Doctor writes: "Happiness is a perfect good which totally satisfies rational desire. But the object of the will, or of human desire, is the universal good. Hence nothing can satisfy the will short of the universal good. But the universal good is found only in God; since all goodness that there is in creatures is a result of the Divine Goodness. Therefore God alone is able to fully satisfy the will of man, and happiness is found in Him alone." In God we find all the requisites for a perfect good, for perfect happiness. He is the universal good, truth, and beauty.


We agree, therefore, that all men desire perfect happiness and that this is to be found only in God. Now it must be shown in what manner we come to a knowledge of God, because nothing can be desired before it is known. Psychology teaches us that the great obstacle to the understanding of anything is its materiality. Therefore God, being absolutely immaterial, is the most knowable of all things. Thus man's noblest immaterial faculty, the intellect, operating in the most perfect manner on the object of infinite worth, God, attains to a knowledge of Him. Concerning this Saint Thomas states: "Final and perfect happiness can consist in nothing else than the vision of the divine essence. To make this clear, two points must be observed. First, that man is not perfectly happy, so long as something remains for him to desire and seek; secondly, that the perfection of any power is determined by the nature

of its object. Now the object of the intellect is what a thing is, i.e., the essence of a thing. If therefore an intellect know the essence of some effect, whereby it is not possible to know the essence of the cause, i.e., to know of the cause what it is; that intellect cannot be said to reach that cause simply, although it may be able to gather from the effect the knowledge that the cause is. Consequently when man knows an effect, and knows that it has a cause, there naturally remains in man the desire to know about the cause, what it is. And this desire is one of wonder, and causes inquiry. If a man knowing the eclipse of the sun, consider that it must be due to some cause, and know not what the cause is, he wonders about it, and from wondering proceeds to inquire. Nor does this inquiry cease until he arrive at a knowledge of the essence of the cause."

We conclude, therefore, that it is vain to seek perfect happiness in this life. Perhaps this statement might lead some to believe that our existence here below is a rather pessimistic one. This is by no means true. The fact that we cannot attain to perfect happiness in this life does not mean that we cannot attain to a large measure of it. The possession of the world's goods may bring us great happiness, although it may be far from perfect bliss. Furthermore in this life there is the greatest satisfaction in the little knowledge we do have of God and in the hope that we shall one day possess Him. We must pity the man without the hope of ever seeing God, because his existence is the same as the brute. But man's undying conviction of immorality, of that reign of endless bliss with God, makes him unmindful of the trials and sufferings of this life, and enables him as a gladiator in Life's arena about to die to salute the King with perfect confidence of happiness.

Frederick J. Gorman.

Born of the Sea

HE OCEAN was all silver and gold, gleaming in the brilliant sun. The beach, dazzlingly white, stretched on as far as the eye could see, ending in a blue haze at the horizon. Block Island's summer season was at its height.

I found myself conversing with her with a facility that surprised me. She was a complete stranger to me. She was a native, a fisherman's wife, and I had come across her quite by accident. We were the only people on this part of the beach—she, her baby son and I. She made conversational advances with a quiet friendliness that charmed me, and soon we were talking like old acquaintances—as women, according to the best masculine tradition, will talk.

"You know," I said, "this is a beautiful island. But I think that I'd die trying to spend my life here. You live your quiet, humble existence and then you die. There is no drama, no flame that touches your life. Everything is conventional, always the same old thing. Life here seems to be a matter of working and sleeping and eating, and then swimming and playing a bit and then—oblivion."

She was smiling, I noticed. A quiet smile. She hugged the baby closer to her. "I could tell you a story," she said.

"Please do. I'd love to hear it." And I meant it with all my heart.

"Bob, my husband," she started, "felt like that once. He grew restless, said he was tired of island life. That was before we were married. We had been going together for some time and each time I saw him the discontent in his eyes

had increased. He became surly, gruff—totally different from his usual self. He said that he was sick and tired of fishing, fishing, fishing; that the sight, the smell, the sound of salt water was beginning to nauseate him; that he wanted to get away from it all, the sea, the island—everything.”

She was smiling, but her eyes, fixed vaguely on the horizon, contained a wistful gleam. “I remember how I cried, how I couldn’t sleep nights. You see,” she said and her voice was vibrant with a quiet sincerity, “I loved him more than anything in the world.”

She breathed deeply the soft summer air. “Well, he grew steadily worse. I began to see him less and less frequently. And then I didn’t see him at all. One day I found out the reason. You see, there was a girl—a girl from the city, with red lips and plucked eyebrows and clothes every girl would like to wear, but can’t. And although I hate to admit it, she was beautiful. Slender and with hair a yellow gold—it may have been bleached, I don’t know. He had met her at a dance and had been seeing her for a week before I knew. When I found out I almost died with grief. I didn’t leave the house for two or three days.”

Her baby, with tiny hands, was vainly trying to make a castle out of the dry, hot sand. Each time he attempted to build, the smooth hard crystals would give away, leaving nothing except a formless mound that refused to take shape in spite of his ministrations.

My gaze wandered far out to sea where a sail was visible—white against the turquoise blue of the sea. I listened to her voice that had in it a quiet faith, as of a woman whose ideals have not betrayed her. There was in it, too, a quiet serenity, the serenity of great strength that seemed to me to be the heritage of the sea.

"My folks laughed at me; said I'd get over it. I really tried to forget I'd ever known him. But it was no use. When, alone, I'd walk down to the beach at night and see the moonlight on the water, the stars mirrored in the moving waves, I felt as if the whole world was gone. I remembered the many nights when we had walked there together and the happiness in his eyes when he told me of his plans. He was going to own his own fishing smack; we were going to buy a cottage, a little white one—we had it all picked out. And then that something came over him, and someone else came into his life.

"You know," she said, "I used to get comfort from the sea. This may seem sentimental, but there were times when it seemed to whisper to me that everything would be all right; that he'd come back to me—he'd have to come back—because he was part of all this, the sea, the wide blue sky, the open air.

"But when I returned to my home—my folks have a little house on the back of the island—all the hope went out of me. —I'd sit on the little hammock strung between two trees in front of the house, where we used to sit, he and I. I'd try to read something—no use. I guess I wasn't made to forget. . . ."

The baby now had finished with his task of building mounds and decided to do some exploring on his own account. On his hands and knees he crawled down toward the water edge. She was after him in a twinkling. She carried him back and put him down again in the sand.

"Well," she continued, "one day not so long after a girl friend of mine brought me the news that they were going to leave the island, get married. It had been what I was expecting, but it shocked me, nevertheless. The girl, Margaret was her name, met me in the market. It was a windy day, the

clouds were black in the sky. She told me something else that caused me some alarm; that Dick Stewart had gone out to sea in spite of all storm warnings. Dick is a distant cousin of mine. We natives, you know, are for the most part related. Dick had drunk too much liquor and decided that he was going to pick up his lobsterpots in spite of the storm. And we, his kin, were fearful of what might happen if the storm broke before he got in.

“Well, the storm broke about seven o’clock that night. Wind and rain came with a fury. Tons of angry water smashed against the breakwater until the boulders that compose it rocked and swayed. I remember there was a group of us around the breakwater and the dock, waiting. There was no sign of Dick. Some of the more hopeful among us ventured the belief that he might have put into port at Point Judith. But the majority of the men didn’t believe it. Dick seldom does that, they said.

“I remember the tenseness of the little group of us, gathered there in the blinding rain, all clad in oilskins, watching the black sea for signs of a light. And there was none.

“Dick was a crazy old fool, but we loved him. He was part of the little circle of us who are descendants of the original settlers on the island. We talked of him as we were all huddled together, trying vainly to resist the ferocity of the wind.

“And then, suddenly out of nowhere we saw it. A tiny light piercing the darkness. Tiny and flickering—a pin point of light that we knew must be Dick’s boat. It moved and swayed, but it seemed to be approaching, nevertheless.

“I’ll never forget how the minutes dragged as we watched and waited, waited and watched, until that light became

clearer, until we could make out the dim outline of the boat, struggling bravely in the towering waters.

“As it came to the end of the breakwater, though, the worst happened. We heard a crash, a splintering of wood. A giant wave had sent it into the jagged point of the breakwater, broke it like the shell of a nut. The little light was out now. There was nothing but the darkness and the terror of the sea.

“A dozen of the men launched a lifeboat. It had got about ten feet from shore when a giant wave bore down on it, splintering it to bits. The men staggered back, cursing. They tried it again—with another boat. That one didn’t get half as far as the first. It was smashed against the rocks.

“It was a terrible feeling. To know that out on the end of that breakwater, only half a mile out, there might be life waiting to be rescued. Dick. Dick was out there. He might be alive; and we could do nothing.

“The women prayed; the men groaned and shouted, and then one of them said ‘There’s only one possible chance. That’s the breakwater. If I were twenty years younger. . . .’

“We looked at the breakwater. The rocks were heaving and groaning, cracking under pressure of the terrible waves that loomed up like high mountains, alive and awful. ‘Not a chance,’ one of the younger men said. ‘Not a chance.’ And we were inclined to believe him.

“It was at that moment that I saw him. Bob. In the blinding rain, in the inky darkness, I hadn’t even known he was there. He pushed himself out to the front of the crowd. I heard him shout above the noise of the storm, ‘I’ll try it.’

“They laughed at him. Someone, I noticed, was tugging on his arm, screaming. ‘You’re crazy,’ she kept saying.

'You're crazy.' It was the blond girl. My heart gave a little leap. I said nothing.

"Then his eyes found me. He came over. I noticed that he had given the other girl a push—out of the way. 'Ruth,' he said to me, 'I'm going out. I'm going to bring Dick back.' There was no bravado in his voice. It was quiet and earnest.

"He took my hand. 'Wish me luck?'" he asked.

"I couldn't say much. I remember I was choked with emotion. I managed to murmur, 'Go ahead, Bob: bring him back.' Strangely, there was laughter in his voice as he mounted the first rock. He moved forward, forward. I prayed.

"He had progressed about fifteen feet when the first wave hit him. I screamed as I saw it tower above him, sweep down upon him with a savage roar. When it cleared away, he rose. There was blood running down his cheek. His arm seemed to be limp. But he kept going. And I can swear, to this day, there was laughter in his throat. A harsh laugh, as though he were defying the winds.

"I knew. It dawned upon me then. The sea that had given him birth, that had sheltered him, provided him with a living since his birth—he was fighting it now. And he loved it. He was made for swirling waters, for roaring waves. I knew it. And though my heart was torn with worry for his safety. Something like ecstasy came into my throat. I cried aloud.

"Yes, I knew as I saw him going forward, forward, dodging the waves, fighting, with the blood streaming down his jaw, that he could never leave the sea, never leave me. He was a part of all that; just as he is a part of all this." She indicated with a sweep of her hand the peaceful jewel of a sea, stretched out, purring like a contented cat under the sun.

Closing my eyes, I could see the scene, vividly. Breakers, tremendous, terrible, bearing down on him; the fury of the

wind, biting into his face; darkness and the roar of eternity; and he was fighting them all—because he loved them. And because he loved her.

“A minute passed, in silence. And then I asked her the natural question. ‘Did—did he finally save Dick?’”

Her voice was quiet; I thought I could detect a note of pain. “Yes,” she said. “He brought him back—but he was dead.”

“Oh,” I could say no more. I was overwhelmed by the tale. And I had intimated that there was no drama, no flame in her life.

Coincidentally, it was, that just at the moment her husband joined her. I can see him now, smiling, walking up the beach, holding out his arms for his tiny son. Tall and bronzed and broad. His smile was like a gleam of light.

She looked at him with adoration plainly revealed in her pale blue eyes. I turned my eyes again to the sea. Gulls, beautiful long white creatures, were flying low above the blue, voicing high, restless calls. Something like tears came to my eyes as I realized the beauty, the intensity of life.

Edward J. McDonald.

“Angelicus”

Are we unseemly when we name him thus,
 Too proud, importunate, presumptuous?
 Is it a certain rash conceit in us
 To dare to call a man “Angelicus”—
 To plume a child of Adam with a name
 That flaming Seraphs, Thrones and Powers claim;
 To dignify the dust from which we spring
 With such supreme unwonted blazoning?

Bart. Skipp.

The Irish Way

*“Come near; I would before my time to go,
Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways.”*



THESE words of Yeats are a fitting preface to an article such as this which would treat of the ways of the Irish. But we sing not so much of old Eire but rather of the new Ireland which Saint Patrick left to the world.

It is interesting to note that Saint Patrick was not an Irishman by birth; yet he is undeniably Irish by nature. His grip on the heart of all sons of Erin is the hold of a deep, warm, personal affection. He is of Irish nature in the sense that the Irish are of his nature; after his mission in Ireland was completed, a new race was born.

Before the advent of Patrick the people of Ireland were hostilely pagan and clannish to the extreme. They were not merely grouped into savage tribes but were strongly bound together by a highly-developed religion. To convert these people was a tremendous task and Patrick faced it almost single-handed.

But with characteristic vigor and boldness, he set about his work by first challenging the kings themselves. He strove for attention, because he knew that if he could once get the attention of the kings, he could in all probability convert them and with them the people. The stories of his enormous bonfires are almost too well known to be repeated; there was the one on the top of Slane which drew the wrath of the High-King; then there was the paschal fire which he lighted

on the first Easter of his mission—a fire which Tirechan describes as “kindling in the nostrils of King Laoghaire.”

Such was his method and a dangerous one it was. All sorts of hardships beset his path; attempts were made on his life and the lives of his friends. He faced starvation in isolated sections of the wilderness; even in the Church itself he met opposition so strong as to nearly remove him from office.

Yet he fought on with a courage that was superhuman and a relentless persistence that was a gift of God. Among the many beautiful legends which have preserved his deeds for posterity is the story of the occasion on which he preached for three days and three nights without a pause. To his audience the time seemed but as one hour save for one girl—Saint Brigid—who slept. And when the kind Patrick noticed her slumbers he would not allow her to be waked.

His physical and mental courage carried him on so well that within ten years, or by 443, he had established an Irish Hierarchy, and during the term of his bishopric he founded seven hundred new churches, presided over the ordination of five thousand priests, and consecrated three hundred and seventy bishops. He baptized hundreds of thousands with his own hands. With tireless energy he labored on from tribe to tribe and modeled a new race of Irish. That record is astonishing and is in itself a tribute to his genius for organization. Organization is a thing that appeals to the Irish mind; organization of the religion of the Druids he replaced with the greater organization of the Church. And that organization has remained throughout the centuries as part of the Irish heritage.

Directly to Saint Patrick and his works can be traced the simplicity and constancy of faith that makes the sons of Erin so singular in Catholicism. The humility manifested in

the Irish Saint seems to be a common characteristic of the whole race. St. Patrick still lives in the hearts of Irishmen. They never speak or treat of him as dead. There seems to be no apparent explanation, but no doubt such a state of mind exists sincerely in them.

A conscious reference and daily tie with God, whether it be in conversation of a public or private nature, is one of the traits of the Irishman. While he is engaged in daily toil, in success or failure, the name and praise of God is constantly on his lips. In a sense his exquisite wit and humor come from a knowledge of God. He can view misfortune calmly and with the most laudable resignation, for has he not God as a daily companion? He is not easily overcome by a sense of futility because he lives always in the shadow of eternity.

Perhaps the persecution he has suffered can be advanced as an explanation of the Irishman's devotion to the Church. No other people has struggled so long and so intensely for political and religious independence. To the Irishman they are one. Political independence without religious liberty would not be freedom at all; it would be tyranny still. Countless Irishmen have been martyred for the cause of freedom. And this martyrdom has made their religion all the more precious to their descendants.

They remain true to their faith and St. Patrick humbly, constantly, one might say stubbornly conscious of their heritage. The ordinary tasks of life assume a religious aspect. The religious and the practical are all the same to them. But should disharmony be discovered, there is always the inborn tendency to leap into action to set things right following the example of their Patriarch. It is the Irish Way.

Francis J. McMullen.

Awakening

TODAY WAS his fortieth birthday. God, how it felt to be forty! He woke up early this morning; early, that is, for him. Emma was still asleep. She was snoring. He hated Emma. He was sure of it as he watched her, enormous, flabby, mean. Her course lips emitted a dissonant “blatt-blatt,” her huge body quivered hesitantly, and she turned over. Her toe-nails scraped the sheet. Scr-atch. Scr-atch. He swore. Disgustingly!

He didn't answer. Damn her, calling him honey. He didn't seem to notice. Breakfast was, as usual, terrible, and she probably thought she understood his silence. But it wasn't the toast. It was Emma. Emma with her straggling hair, her run-down mules constantly slipping off her large reddened feet, her negligee already spotted with coffee. He positively glared at her. She was busy slopping her toast in the coffee. Then she gulped it down. He noticed that her fingers were greasy. He shuddered. He was finiky about that sort of thing.

She still sat at the table—apparently staring at nothing—while he was brushing his shoes. She took out her teeth, examined them with a child-like interest, and laid them on the table. She looks like a witch, he thought.

“Comin' home for dinner, honey?” It was the first time she had spoken.

He didnt answer. Damn her, calling him honey. He was forty—and bald, and she hadn't her own teeth. And she called him honey!

He jammed on his hat.

“Ain't you forgot somethin' ” she whined.

Sure. Sure he forgot something. He forgot to kiss her. Forgot to press his lips to hers and tell her how much, how terribly much he loved her. Why did he have to grit his teeth before doing it? What kind of a farce was this anyhow? Of all the rotten——. He kissed her. Her wet lips trembled against his. She was in ecstasy for a moment. Passionate, even. That was a good one, the great lovers' scene and she had left her teeth on the table! He wiped his lips with his handkerchief. Vigorously. Insultingly. He felt as though he had been kissing a fish.

He had his hand on the knob, now, ready to go. He glanced around the dirty, old-fashioned kitchen. His eyes met the one picture adorning its walls. Fascinated, he gaped at it. Six milk-white battle-ships ploughing through the briny deep. Done in oil.

“Get that damn thing to hell out of here before I get back.”

He slammed the door after him.

He decided not to come home for dinner. After a meal at the cafeteria he felt better and decided to take a walk. He was going nowhere in particular but he hurried. He hated crowds. Hated them because he couldn't bear to think of himself as belonging. In the thick of a bustling humanity he was just another seedy-looking man in a straw hat. He was anybody, and therefore nobody. But when he was alone. . . . He wondered.

I am forty today, he thought over and over. Yesterday he was in his thirties, a young man, you might say, with the future before him. Today he is forty. Old. Damnably old. He would have liked to tell it to the stout gentleman he passes—or that young girl with shining eyes. I am forty. I wonder

do they know it? Can they guess that this miracle is happening to me, I am forty. He felt old.

Another thing was bothering him, too. He happened to think of Bill Truman. Bill used to be his boss when he worked in a grocery store. His first job. Bill was dead more than twenty years now. And that was what worried him. Bill could not see him now! He was a success, he had his own home, had a little money on the side and was thinking of getting a car. Bill always said he would never amount to much. Well, he was more than a grocer, anyway.

Finally he realized what gibberish he was thinking. How disgusting to be humiliating himself, wishing Bill were alive to see him in all his glory. Even he, obtuse as he was, could see the irony in that. He despised himself. Mulling this over, he went back to the daily grind and buried himself in work.

That night, like many a night before, he sat opposite Emma, both of them speaking, if at all, in monotones. As usual, the radio squawked unheeded. Yet tonight was different. He was seeing Emma from a different angle. Literally that would be funny—Emma presented so many angles—he was doing it figuratively. For perhaps the first time in his life he regarded her as a separate, an independent being. Did she have her own ideas and secret thoughts? It bothered him.

Why did they sit like bears in a cage, together, yet worlds apart. Bears in a cage! Pacing back and forth, silent, sullen. Was it his fault? Could he make it up to her if it was? Has it always been like this, their life together, bears plodding behind bars. . . . How had it started. . . .

He tried to remember what their courtship had been like. There must have been something. . . . He plucked two incidents from his memory—Emma, when he first met her. . . Emma lithe and lovely; and how she trembled, red all over,

the night he proposed to her in the garden. That was all. All in twenty years. . . . The ensuing years had made little better than beasts of both of them. It had changed them, worn them, as time wears even the stoutest stone.

He looked furtively at Emma. What was she thinking? Or was she thinking at all? Was she thinking of him? "Damn it all, I married her," he thought, "but she can sit there and think and think and shut me out." He had softened somewhat toward Emma, now he was on the verge of hating her again. He stared at the wall. . . something was missing. . . the picture. . . . She did care what he thought then. He wasn't really angry about the picture, she could have it if she liked. He just said that because he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Shall I kiss her?" he thought. Will a kiss make up for the things I have done, what I have neglected to give her? Can it? They had a good many years ahead of them. They could begin all over again.

"Emma," he said huskily.

He noticed that she was startled. Frightened merely if he spoke to her! Was it as bad as all that?

"I've been thinking," he began, and then rushed pell-mell into the thing, telling her how he felt about it all, how wretched he had been, how mean he had been to her—"but that's all gone and forgotten, Em, we'll do differently from now on. . . ."

Well, why didn't she say something? Didn't she believe him? She stared at him uncertainly. God, she was a dumb one!

"Emma!" He kissed her, crushing her to him. She just stood there making no effort to embrace him.

"Ain't you going to say anything?" he wanted to know.

"Your supper's gettin' cold," she said, "an' I took special

pains to get them beans right." And then she started to whimper.

"Ain't you gonna eat anythin'?"

He stared at her, stunned out of his senses."

"I went and forgot the ketchup," Emma said querelously.

And wiping her eyes with her dirty handkerchief, she went to get it.

E. Riley Hughes.

Repose

Tired Earth sleeps on
In the sunlight cool:
A Genie wan,
From a frozen pool,
Lulled the World to sleep
In a snow-bed deep.

Joseph Dyer.

Liberty in the Soviet State

I HAVE in mind an incident which occurred a while back, concerning the visit of an American to Moscow for the purpose of studying the state of civil liberty under the Soviet regime in Russia. The end of this visit evoked an outburst of uncontrolled amusement from a Russian acquaintance of the visiting gentleman. It seems that this Russian, a former Social Democrat, had suffered the not uncommon fate of being a political prisoner both under the Tsarist rule and under the Soviet Government.

“Civil liberty in the Soviet Union!” he laughed. “Soon some historian will begin to investigate the status of civil liberty under Ivan the Terrible. He will find just as much there as your American student will discover here.” Well! no statement could have been more truthfully uttered. The things which the average Western European or American associates with the phrase ‘civil liberties’—freedom of speech and press for all citizens, freedom of political organization, guarantees against arbitrary search and arrest—are totally non-existent in Russia today. Not only is there no opposition press in Russia, but every newspaper or periodical dealing with political questions is under the Communist control, and voices in news and editorials alike only the orthodox Communist point of view. There are no privately owned newspapers in Russia; every organ of the press is issued either by a Soviet, by a local or national Committee of the Communist Party, by a trade union, or by some other public institution or organization; and in every case the direction of the newspaper’s policies by a responsible Communist is ensured.

I recently had the good fortune of conversing with a Jew, who, incidently, escaped about a year and a half ago from a Siberian Prison Camp. In his quaint and humble way he related to me many of his experiences while in these camps. If scars were any witness to the truth of his story he certainly suffered the tortures of the damned. One of his eyes had been gouged out by a stick in the hands of a prison guard. His head was a mass of jagged scars which extended in some instances to a length of three inches. The stories were horrible. I had to beg him to stop. I then asked him to tell me something of the Soviet Russia from which he had been exiled. In substance I will attempt to reproduce his comments on liberty, or rather the lack of liberty.

It seems that the writ of Habeus Corpus does not run in Russia. Anyone suspected of a political or economic crime or offense may be arrested, held in prison for an indefinite period, and finally exiled, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, or even executed, simply by that fiat of the all powerful Gay-Pay-Oo, or political police. This word is a combination of the first three letters of the Russian words for 'State Political Administration.' He said that the number of persons exiled and executed for political offenses were almost staggering. The free use which the Gay-Pay-Oo makes of its sweeping powers of arrest makes it certain that the figure is one of the highest in the world. The vast majority of political arrests made in Russia are never reported in the newspapers. No meeting may be held in Russia without a permit; and such permits are practically never given for gatherings where even the most indirect forms of political criticism might be voiced.

Academic freedom also does not exist in Russia. Any professor who lets drop any unguarded word critical of the existing regime or who holds in history or economics, philosophy

or science, non-Marxian or idealistic views at variance with the prevalent dogma of materialism is likely to be dismissed.

The Gay-Pay-Oo, the chief agency for maintaining this system of rigorous control, is probably the most extensive and most powerful secret police system existing anywhere in the world. It is the direct successor of the Cheka, the grim secret police that struck with terror into the enemies of the Revolution during the period of civil war. The Gay-Pay-Oo really enjoys most of the rights of the Cheka, including that of inflicting the death penalty. Under the Soviet regime the Gay-Pay-Oo functions in the triple role of policeman, judge and executioner. This secret system makes most of its arrests by night and heightens the terror which surrounds it by operating with the maximum degree of secrecy. Its chiefs almost never give interviews; one would scarcely know of the existence of the organization by reading the Soviet press. Ordinary criminals arrested by the Gay-Pay-Oo are often handed over to the regular courts; political offenders are almost always dealt with by the secret administrative process of imprisonment, banishment to Siberia, as was the case under the Tsar, or a milder form of exile, which consists of prohibition to live in any one of the six largest cities of the Soviet Union. One of the most dreaded places of confinement under this system is an old monastery on Solovyetzky, in the White Sea. It is certainly a place from which the average Russian very strongly desires to keep away.

In regard to correspondents, the assertion is often made that they as well as all foreigners are so subjected to official supervision that they are unable to make any independent investigation or to form any correct idea of actual conditions, but according to my friend this assertion is baseless. He says

any one with half his sight, even as he has, can see by looking around, the actual lack of liberty.

He finished finally by commenting that the generations which grow up under the watchful eye of the Gay-Pay-Oo (this last in a sarcastic manner) reading the Soviet press, attending the Soviet schools, deriving their ideas from Soviet books, will most probably contain fewer active and passive rebels to invite the attention of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

We wait to see what will be the ultimate result of this form of government. Will this gradual making over of the people into the Soviet and Communistic mould be the final flowering of the social and economic liberty which Communists hold up as their final goal? Or will it be simply an amazing triumph of regimentation of the ideas and habits of a large passive majority by a small active minority? This remains to be seen.

But as yet I have not touched upon the most vital question. What will become of the Russian Soul? Atheism has become in fact a state creed in the "Holy Russia" of the of the Tsars. Renunciation of any form whatsoever of religious faith is a condition of membership in the ruling Communist Party and its junior organization, the Union of Communist Youth; and no effort of agitation and propaganda is spared to wean the peoples of the Soviet Union from all forms of religious practice.

This struggle for the Russian soul, between the Communists, with their goal of a new society in which religion shall have no place, and the Orthodox Church, the sectarian, Orthodox Jews, and Mohammedans, each group offering some special appeal to its own worshipers, is one of the most complicated in the psychological dramas which are being enacted in the Soviet Union today. The struggle is symbolized (my

friend tells me) in one of the main squares of Moscow, where, on a brick building opposite the famous shrine of the Iberian Virgin, have been inscribed the words: "Religion is opium for the people."

In many a worker's home can be found similar evidences of this struggle. In one corner of the room the wife continues to burn candles before the traditional Russian icons, or carved images of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and scenes from the Bible and the lives of the Saints. In another place the Communist husband has arranged his "Lenin corners," with the pictures of Lenin from childhood to death, portraits of other Communist leaders, and a few Communist pamphlets and books.

The general effect of all this propaganda spread by the Communist Union against all forms of religion has been very similar on both Russian Christian and Jew: the lukewarm and indifferent fall off, but those who remain loyal are strengthened and deepened in their faith.

How will it end, this first conscious effort to make a large nation atheistic, this struggle for the Russian soul, or, as the Communist deny the existence of the soul, this struggle for the moulding of Russian thought and character?

I say this form of government inevitably must crumble, for it is basically unsound, it lacks the most fundamental element, namely, Religion. Out of the ruins of Sovietism will rise a New Russia, a Russia made to the likes and desires of its people who are, in the main, a God-fearing and God-seeking people. The Communist will be witness to the passing of another "noble experiment?"

Francis R. McLean, '34.

Spiritualism—Fact or Fancy?



MUCH HAS been written upon the subject of Spiritualism, yet few people know the true attitude of the Church towards Spiritualism and even fewer have any definite information with regard to the actuality of psychic phenomena. That same veil of shadowy doubt which envelopes every so-called seance seems also to becloud the average person's knowledge of Spiritualism as a science. But when we consider that from January to December of 1931 the combined practices of Spiritualism, fortune-telling, palm-reading, etc., enticed the people of this country into parting with over four hundred millions of dollars—when we consider this fact we can easily see the need of public education along these lines.

It was, perhaps, with this purpose in mind that Herbert Thurston, S.J., recently published a book entitled "The Church and Spiritualism." Father Thurston quotes Pere Mainage, O.P., in clearly defining the attitude of the Church to be as follows:

1. The Church has not pronounced on the essential nature of spiritualistic phenomena.
2. The Church forbids the general body of the faithful to take any part in spiritualistic practices.
3. In the manifestations which occur the Church suspects that diabolic agencies may per accidens intervene.

Starting from this point, Father Thurston goes on for almost four hundred pages to prove three main contentions. The first is that genuine and inexplicable phenomena do occur in the presence of certain persons called mediums; secondly,

that for the mass of mankind, more especially for Catholics, spiritualistic practices are dangerous and undesirable; and thirdly, that people have learned nothing from their attempted intercourse with the spirits of the departed.

The latter two contentions are proved admirably, but it seems to me that Father Thurston is much too lenient in placing as much credence as he does in the testimonials offered as evidence for genuine spiritualistic phenomena.

We cannot doubt his sincerity nor the sincerity of such well known people who have testified for psychic phenomena as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others. But I, for one, doubt that any of these people are qualified to judge the genuineness of these mediumistic performances.

Even the staunchest supporter of the science of seances will admit that the great majority of the demonstrations offered by mediums are fraudulent. This, they say, is due to the fact that a medium cannot always control the spirits and that, rather than disappoint his audience, he occasionally resorts to trickery just in order to save his face.

My argument is that if all mediums at least occasionally resort to trickery the person to accept as an authority upon the honesty of any medium should be a person capable of distinguishing between that which is genuine and that which is false. It further follows that the only persons in the world so qualified are magicians who have devoted their lives to the study of tricks.

It is a principle among magicians that scientists and other well educated people are more easily fooled than children; this is given a psychological explanation in that the educated adult mind upon seeing a certain effect at once seeks to find the cause while the child mind is content to study the effect and find the defect in it.

If then, magicians can easily fool scientists it is logical to conclude that mediums, who admittedly employ much trickery, can also deceive these educated adult minds.

Let us then compare the testimony of scientists with that of magicians with regard to Spiritualism. The leading magicians of all ages have never yet found one example of genuine spiritualism. The late Houdini spent years of precious time and money in a vain search for a true medium. He maintained a standing reward of ten thousand dollars for any so-called spiritualistic effect that he could not prove to be trickery and could not himself reproduce. No one ever won the reward.

His theory was not that there was anything repugnant in the idea of psychic phenomena occurring but that actual instances of it are very rare and are not due to any specially constituted powers upon the part of the one to whom they occur and therefore cannot be repeated. There may some day, somewhere be a real medium in the world but he could never find one, he said.

On the other hand, let us examine the testimony of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Spiritualism's outstanding supporter. His statements are replete with contradictions. Among other things Doyle maintained that Houdini himself was a medium but would not admit it. He argued that unless Houdini had mediumistic powers there could be no possible explanation for his numerous miracles of escape. Yet we know that there are many magicians on the stage today performing the same illusions that Houdini did.

Father Thurston's main argument for the accepting of the words of the Spiritualists is that we cannot disregard human testimony since human testimony is one of our main present-day proofs for the Christian religion. But it must be remembered that we must evaluate human testimony insofar as it is

based on competent authority. Logic demands that we accept the testimony of sincere magicians before that of sincere, but incompetent, scientists.

And the magicians tell us that Spiritualism is ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent hokum.

Paul Connolly.

Easter

The morn is glowing gold,
As from Death's thickets black
The Shepherd of the Fold
Brings Life, the strayling, back.

Fred. Gorman.

The Providence College Alembic

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No. 3

It is with most pleasurable anticipation that we await the coming of the Bishop-elect *Bishop-Elect Keough* of the diocese of Providence, the Very Reverend Francis Keough of Hartford; the fame of his ability has preceded him and we eagerly look forward to meeting this man whose academic achievements, forensic powers, and spiritual greatness have won for him a bishopric at an age so early as to be exceptional.

We at the college hope to enjoy a pleasant intimacy with him; the students have read with delight of his interest in young people and of his fondness for athletics. Besides the popularity which invariably accompanies the office, Bishop-elect

Keough has already acquired a tremendous amount of personal popularity based upon the advance descriptions of his personality.

By the time the next edition of *The Alembic* goes to press we hope to have more first hand information with regard to his personality; at that time, we will extend our congratulations in greater detail.

The Alma Mater song recently adopted by the College is based upon the Cantabile of Finlandia
Alma Mater written by Jean Sibelius. This piece so roused the Finnish people in their struggle for independence that it was suppressed by the Russian Government. Its rugged and enduring beauty which rises to majestic heights may serve as the clarion call which will gather the student body and alumni of Providence College into a group, firm and true, ever loyal to the College. The present theme was chosen only after a painstaking survey which covered many of the works of the old masters and some of the more recent composers. Particularly significant are those features which make it especially suitable for male voices. The virility of manhood is expressed in its chords and the range of notes is most conducive to group singing.

Thousands of riotous Austrians revolt and cause the country to be placed under martial law, creating a condition disturbingly similar to the dread days of 1914; the streets of Paris have risen and the government has fallen in a revolution which, though bloodless, is in spirit a reminder of the storming of the Bastille; in England, hundreds of young militarists, under the leadership of Sir Oswald Mosley, parade the

streets in Pseudo-Fascist style, while unemployed Scottish women march from Derby to London; Russia is preparing a defensive war against Japan and Japan is preparing a defensive war against Russia; many American colleges are forming anti-war organizations, said to be of a socialistic nature; Fascist Italy smiles; Nazi Germany guffaws between anti-semetic gestures.

Revolution is the cry of the world. "Let us set up new governments," is the shout of the generation of today; "New governments which will lead us out of chaos into. . . ." into what? Ruin is the probable answer; chaos we have, but chaos can be restored to order. Ruin, however, is irreparable.

The old adage which speaks of "fools rushing in" is well applied to these over-heated demonstrationists; much to be preferred is the angelic policy of caution; a parade is all right in its place but its place is in a circus and not in a government.

The Black Shirts, Blue Shirts, Red Shirts, Green Shirts, Khaki Shirts—all should be kept out of governments, for governments should be in the steady hands of the White Collars. The students of Providence College must beware of joining organizations which smack of these radical philosophies.





Rotunda Gallery

The Alumni Ball, the initial formal social event of the year was held at the Biltmore Hotel on the fifth of February. The dance attracted the largest crowd ever to attend this affair which is held annually and the hall was filled to overflowing. Charlie Reynolds, former athletic great, was chairman of the Ball and was ably aided by Dr. Daniel J. O'Neill. The committee reports that the dance was both a social and a financial success as was evident to all those who attended.

The next important event of the social year is the Junior Promenade which takes place annually after the Easter vacation. This year the dance is to be held at the Biltmore Hotel and the date has been set for the nineteenth of April. John J. Reilly, president of the Junior class, is in charge and has appointed the following to aid him in the work: Edward F. Hanson, Gordon F. Harrison, Charles C. Verde, James J. Bostick, Joseph E. Carty, Hyman D. Stein, Vincent P. Carr, John F. Cavanagh, Francis X. Farrell, Joseph L. McLaughlin, Walter L. Fatzpatrick and Gustavo A. Motta. The other officers of the class, Dennis V. Shea, William J. Dempsey, and John E. Madden, will head the various committees. The Prom that is soon to come will be the first Prom in a good many years to be held outside of the school but because of the large crowd that is expected to attend it was decided to have the dance in a more spacious hall.

The debating society, which has done so nobly for the cause of Providence College in the past, broke even in the two debates in which it has participated thus far this season. The College debaters won over the Pembroke College orators in its initial appearance before the public this year but did not fare so well against the boys from Rhode Island State who showed class in defeating them by a two to one majority.

Both debates were held in the rival school buildings. The question that was discussed was "Resolved: That essential features of the NIRA should be adopted as permanent features of United States Governmental policy." Our team upheld the affirmative view of the question. Arthur A. Geohagan, president of the society; Louis C. FitzGerald, secretary of the society, and J. Ford McGowan were the Providence debaters. The Harvard debate that was to be held in Harkins Hall has been postponed to a later date because of illness of Cambridge boys.

The number of students who have been attending daily Mass during the Lenten season has been inspiring. Each one of the four classes have taken turns in sponsoring the services and the prayers are lead by the officers of the classes.

Once more the Junior class comes into prominence by announcing that all those students who are pugilistically inclined will be able to show their wares in a boxing tournament that will be put on March 15 in the auditorium. David F. Powers has been selected chairman of the committee which also includes Joseph J. Murphy, Wendell Nerney, William L. Bray, Frank H. Conway and John E. Madden. This tournament has afforded much amusement and pleasure to those who delight in such a sport for the past two years.

Now that we have covered the news of the past month we will skip for a while to the Romance period conducted by Doctor O'Neill on one fine afternoon in Room 21. In case any student has nothing to do at one o'clock on Wednesdays, it would be well worth his while to stop in this class room and get a few pointers in this art. The romances that were read were gems. That can easily be seen when you perceive such greats as Oscar, Paul Connolly, Dexter Davis, Frank Reavey and Frank Murphy to say nothing of the timid Marsella and the bashful Burdge together with Barney Geary and Marty Burke. Such things as princes getting along famously with kings, fellows leaping high in the air as though touched by an unseen hand, horseback riding and various works of art that brought tears to the eyes of the professor (and that is

no kidding). The theme song of that class is "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Joe Carew had been encountering grave difficulty for some reason or other and he had to go to Big John Smith to help him out of it. It seems as though Joseph could not get acclimated to his surroundings and just when he wanted to read the paper and be comfortable more than any other time he just couldn't. We know how you feel, Joe, and we were very pleased to hear that Smitty warmed it up for you.

A story that Paul Connolly told us about Milt Bleiden surprised us greatly. Milt goes down to Fall River to play a ball game. Charlie O'Keefe said that he is very adept at the game. We admit your greatness, Milton, but Okie says that you play even better away from home. The Fall Riverites tell us that Belliveau, Gus Hagstrom together with Smith and, of course, Carew and we presume Davin, but not necessarily Pelchat, visited the Spa in their town not so long ago. What did you find there? You didn't really have to leave Connolly and his pal sitting at a lunch counter did you?

Charlie Slattery, Vinnie Whalen, and Freddie Gorman are still conspicuous by their antics at the nurses home. Slattery took the part of the fireman, Whalen the part of the boilerman and Gorman the part of the plumber. The latter should have walked off with honors.

One of our representatives passed by a house in this vicinity the other night and overheard some fair damsel calling "Pito," "Dear Pito." The representative tells us that he didn't think much of it for he figured that the young lady was calling her dog, and was about to let it pass, but to make sure nothing was getting by him he looked in the window and there was Skipp. Once more he was impersonating Mr. Bagoda. Our helper hung around a little while to see just what would happen and soon who should arrive on the scene but one Patrick Morrison, but he was too late. Skipp had the digits first.

The manager of one of the leading hotels sent up word that he found Bingo Doyle's hat on a sailor one night.

Whether or not it was Bingo's derby we could not find out but we made sure that it was on a sailor. How did it get there?

Jim Donnelly and Tom Coffey are being called the "Black Knights" by their friends. Maybe it is because. . . .

Of course, Doyle and Lanagan just had to croon at the Ball. They would be no credit to our Glee Club. Doyle was very loud and Lanagan was very lousy. Bill Murphy was also seen at that dance rubbing noses with some companion.

If George Maguire starts to get sore over our fooling we will have to take him down a peg. Listen, wisecracker, did you ever hear that song about "You can dish it out?" Never mind, kid, we just wanted to mention the fact that Evelyn stayed over a little while longer. Don't let your friend, the smiler, think that you have deserted her for this is just a secret.

Porto Rico has come in for its share of attention within the past few weeks and needless to say she deserved it. The boys were all around the town shouting "Us for Porto Rico."

Charlie Verdi accompanied by Paddy Morrison have another one of those very accommodating automobiles. Can you imagine the car freezing with these two hot sketches in it with company?

It was not until just a while ago, just think, after writing this thing for three years, it took us until now to find out that this column is read at R.I.C.E. If we had only known it before we could have said something about things that might interest you. We were pleased to hear that Fran Scumyon was enrolled in your school for a while and no doubt you were pleased to hear that he left in short order. Of course, he has gone and we really shouldn't mention him, but don't you think he will be awfully funny sitting behind the desk trying to teach somebody something. He should be a fine disciplinarian. There is no doubt that he is teaching Economics.

Will Kutnieski finally did something that we have wanted somebody to do for a long time. He got himself all dressed

up in a fur coat (it's Joe McGee's) and a scarf and walks around like a real college boy should do. The pay off will be when he borrows someone's derby. The funny thing about this story is that Bill had a coat when he went to the theatre and when he came out there was a box of cocoa where his coat belonged. A good bargain.

Another note about the Ball was the fact that Jim Donnelly's girl was very Cunning. (Or was it Cute).

At the Ball we had the misfortune to be in the company of Sam Lanagan who proved to be the wit of the evening. He was very funny with us when he was with us, but that was not for long. We spent more time chasing him than we did dancing. Everytime we did catch up with him he was muttering something about his bunion or "Where in the world is Kay Kelly?" Kel was also very evasive throughout the night.

To add to our misfortune we were pestered all night by Bartholomew Skipp who was impersonating Mr. Bagoda and who let it be known with boisterous exclamations. He certainly looked the part when he drove up to the Biltmore in that La Salle roadster.

We hope that not even for a moment do you think that we did not have a good time for in reality we enjoyed ourselves more than ever before. Such refined company as Rocky Reavey (who did not blossom out until a later date). Lamburque, Mr. Farrulli, Ed Reilly, "Happy" Morrison, and a few others made the evening very pleasant.

Oscar Perrin was again our big disappointment, crackling nary a smile or a wisecrack, that is, in front of us. It was rumored that he did all right by himself afterward. He generally gets in a few original sayings.

We would like to tell you about one Edward J. Reilly who made a conquest into the Berkshires during the mid-year's vacation but that would necessitate writing a book. It was, however, a pitiful sight to see him standing on the Main Street of Williamsburg, Mass., with his two ears frozen, a sympathetic look on his face and his thumb in the air. And then when he arrived in the Heart of the Berkshires it was

quite humorous to see him washing dishes, cooking his dinner, and sewing buttons on his shirt (not that funny looking one, he was afraid to wear that). He was our idea of the ideal Woman's Home Companion.

Once again the supervision of activities is entrusted to the various committees: the athletic, entertainment, and debating committees are placed into new and equally capable hands. Chairmen John Sullivan of the athletic committee, Ed Casey of the entertainment committee, and Alfred Gately of the debating committee were succeeded respectively by Chris Mitchell, Gene Cuddy and John Reichert.

These new men have been very busy. Following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Chairman Chris Mitchell soon brought the basketball season of the Intra-Guzman Hall League to a close. The leader of the league was the hard-playing Wolves, captained by Joe Maloney. And now before ceasing all basketball activity, the annual Guzman Hall games, the Frosh-Soph, Irish-Dutch, and sectional Dorm teams, are to be held.

The entertainment committee is also very active. Several weeks ago, on a Friday evening, an interesting Card Tournament was sponsored by Chairman Gene Cuddy. Competition was unusually keen. Prize awards were given to John Morgenthaler, Chris Mitchell, and Edmund Hayes. Nor does the program of activity cease with this tournament, for on St. Patrick's evening, the committee has in mind the presentation of a one-act play. St. Patrick's night, always a "big night" in the Hall, should find a rare display of talent.

The debating committee has swung into action with a "Believe It or Not" Night, held on the eve of George Washington's birthday. This night was a night of nights for the liars. There were ten of them, all well versed in the art of fabrication. And quite in tune with the "Believe It or Not" spirit, Chairman Reichert presented Salvatore Rossetti, violinist, and Bennett Pendis, pianist, in what might be called the official introduction of our own Alma Mater song. Then

on the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, this committee presented a new form of debating—a pantomime or silhouette portrayal of striking incidents in the life of the Dominican saint. The action portrayal of this sketch was founded on a running commentary which was narrated by Art Dymek, a member of the debating committee.

The foregoing is just in the field of recreational activity. During the holy season of Lent particular devotion to the Passion, centered on the Stations of the Cross, is an additional service in the Guzman Hall Chapel.

The students were grieved to learn that several weeks ago Brother Joseph Piche, Dominican Tertiary and former chef at Guzman Hall, died at St. Anthony's Home for the Aged in Woonsocket, R. I. His death, following a lingering illness, resulted from internal complications. Pere F. G. Level, O.P., celebrant, assisted by Fathers V. C. Dore, O.P., and L. D. Ross, O.P., sang the solemn requiem Mass. The servers were Edward Robinson and Charles Lucier. Thus the abundance of life possessed by youth is contrasted with the loss of life—the death of a Dominican Tertiary. To the youth: *ad multos annos*; to the departed: *requiescat in pace*.





Press Box

The Reverend Father Jordan Baeszler, O.P., for nine years Director of Athletics here at Providence College, received the appointment as Sub-Prior of the St. Vincent Ferrer Priory in New York City on February 26 and left a few days later to take up his new duties. The student body, Alumni and a host of lay friends learned of his departure with great regret. He enters a new sphere of activity where the best wishes of his many friends follow him. His genial personality will be missed greatly at Harkins Hall and throughout New England where he made countless acquaintances because of the many functions he was connected with and which he directed.

During his period of service in Providence, Father Baeszler has achieved distinction not only as a professor of education and philosophy, but also as a lecturer. He has conducted numerous retreats throughout the East and has given radio addresses on religious and philosophical subjects.

Under his guidance the sports program of Providence has developed until at the present time it is comparable to that of any College of a similar size in the country. When Father Baeszler took over the work of reorganizing the athletic program the college had but two major sports, but due to his efforts representation in intercollegiate sport has increased to six activities for varsity teams and four Freshman clubs. He also sponsored an extensive intra-mural program.

Father Baeszler was active in directing student activities, serving as Moderator of the Friars Club, director of all the musical clubs of the college, and it was he who inaugurated the "Tie-Up," daily publication at the college.

Archie Golembeski, for nine years head football coach here at Providence College, resigned in February. In tender-

ing his resignation he stated that his business affairs demanded his uninterrupted attention. During his reign here Golembeski tasted both victory and defeat, but regardless of the outcome of the games his forward lines were always outstanding in their play. It is in our opinion that had his duties pertained only to the line Providence College would have enjoyed much brighter years in the intercollegiate football world. The responsibilities as head coach, which of late seems to have been the downfall of many collegiate mentors, rested too heavily upon his shoulders.

In the beginning his lot was a rather hard one, as is the case with all who are attempting to establish a major sport in any institution. He brought football gradually along from its infancy to the place it now occupies in the gridiron world, but it is the concensus of opinion that his teams would have travelled further if they had been inspired by a different psychology from the point of view of generalship both in practice and playing sessions. Players are more human than mere bones and muscles would indicate and a "lone wolf" policy has decided disadvantages in any sphere of activity.

Before the advent of General McClellan, Golembeski was also in charge of basketball where he achieved a fair amount of success, but the past seven seasons he centered his attention upon the gridiron.

On the whole Archie takes his place in the history of PC athletics as having contributed wholesomely to its steady development. We now hope to pass beyond the basis which he established, through improved organization of all coaching staffs.

Much conjecture is rife here at the college and in outside circles as to whom will succeed Archie Golembeski as head football coach. Many applications have been received by the athletic office from numerous football men. At present many are of the opinion that Joe McGee, present Frosh coach, is the most likely choice, with Gen McClellan, present basketball coach, being mentioned to take over Joe's former position.

Numerous other candidates are also being mentioned, some having had experience at other institutions.

However, nothing definite can be stated until the athletic board of the college meets late in March. Until then, the best that can be relied on is unreliable rumor.

Providence College, despite the defeats suffered in other sectors, still maintained their leadership in collegiate basketball in New England. To be sure, Dartmouth stopped the Friars early in the season but Yale, conquered by PC, twice turned them back.

Beyond the semblance of a doubt, the schedule played by the team this past season was the most difficult in the country. At first sight this statement might appear to be mere prattle, but its veracity is backed up by the leading sports writers and coaches in New York and New England. But three games were contested on their home court which is in itself a decided handicap. With a very few exceptions, the opponents faced were of the highest calibre to be found in collegiate circles in any section.

St. John's College of Brooklyn handed the Dominicans their first defeat and the "Gen" is still bemoaning the fact that a return game was not scheduled as has been the case in past years. Last year the Friars lost to Buck Freeman's team in their initial encounter but reversed the score in a second contest. Tired and worn because of a second extended road trip on the eve of mid-year examinations, the wilting Friars lost two more games to the teams representing Army and St. Thomas College. On the intervening evening between these two games they managed to top the sphere tossers of East Stroudsburg for the second time during the current season. Immediately upon their return from the semester recess, they again entrained for New York where they defeated Pratt Institute but the following night they were snowed under by a better conditioned City College quintet. City College possesses about the best collegiate basketball team in the country this year and at the present writing are undefeated with but a few games remaining to be played.

So far, we have concentrated our attention upon the gloomy side of the ledger. Let us turn our gaze over to the other side and review some of the major victories. Yale. In them PC found one of the strongest teams they were obliged to face. The game was a thriller. The lead passed back and forth from the moment they lined up until the final whistle brought relief to the two exhausted fives. With a whirlwind finish the Friars jumped into the lead and scored the winning point with but a second to play and the crowd roared its approval. Both teams left the court midst a salvo of applause.

Harvard. The valiant sons of John Harvard, like their ancient rivals of father Eli, also were set back by the travelling Friars. The crimson member of the big three did not prove to be as hard to beat as Yale, although the game was replete with excitement from a spectators viewpoint. Providence defeated them by a margin of seven points.

Springfield. The tireless gymnasts were tougher opponents than was expected by many experts. In the first contest they were defeated by the Friars by a single point. In the second contest, played almost at the close of the season, the Friars easily trounced the Springfieldonians by a score of 45-43. The apparent reason for the close score in the first game (of course we do not wish to detract from the splendid play of the Indians) was because of the fact that the semester exams had ended just four hours previous to the beginning of the game. Continuing we could list numerous other victories but space will not permit. We believe it will suffice to merely name the clubs. East Stroudsburg was defeated on both ends of a home and home series; the Coast Guard Academy, played on their home court in New London, Conn., were easy victims for the Dominicans who arrived there fresh from their victory over Harvard the night previous; the Columbus Club of Brooklyn, Pratt, Brown, and several other worthy opponents complete the list.

Taken as a whole the season was a fairly successful one and many accidents appeared as the year progressed which caused the team serious disadvantages. Ed Koslowski, center and captain, was suffering from various ailments throughout

the season, and Dick Bracken was unable to attain his old form. Reliable reserves were at hand toward the close of the season but in the earlier stages these were lacking. Ed Reilly and Bill Kutniewski deserve great credit for their excellent playing and more than once it was their "heads-up" playing that saved the day for the Providence institution. Feit, Ziment, Bostick and Madden along with the varsity veteran, Sam Shapiro, are being counted upon to form the nucleus of next years team. Shapiro has played good ball all season and many concede him All-New England rating.

This year's Freshman basketball team has compiled a record that will be an almost impossible goal for future yearling fives. In the first thirteen games engaged they had amassed a total of 711 points, as compared to their opponents 333. Most of the members of the squad are fast, shifty and crack basket shooters. By mentioning some of the teams over which they were victorious you may get some idea of the high calibre club which they possessed. Bryant Stratton College, Holy Cross Freshmen and Assumption College were defeated twice each by the young Friars. Dean Academy, St. John's Prep and the Springfield Javees were other victims of that fast moving team. Because of the one-sidedness of the scores we will refrain from going into detail concerning the games.

Leo Davin, Frosh captain of football, lead the team in scoring, with Al Hagstrom, captain of the team, coming next. Smith, a tall, well built center, afforded the fans with quite a bit of amusement by his adept passing, thereby making his opponents look quite sheepish. Carew, Collins, Gallagher, Garbecki, Andrews, and Belliveau all starred and paved the way for the winning of many ball games. Angelica, LeFebre, Fairbrother, Bleiden, and Pelchot all started the season late but toward the close were in there fighting to wrest the positions away from the regulars.

With players of such high calibre, Coach McClellan will be able to do great things in the next two years. Next year they will perhaps be a little too inexperienced for regular varsity play, but the following season should find PC resting once

again atop the Eastern Basketball world. The attendance this year at the games was only slightly better than other years. However, it is too late now to bemoan that fact but we are sure that next year the student body will consider it a loss to themselves to be absent from any of the games.

The interclass league functioned again this year and Guzman Hall placed the best club upon the floor. Mal Brown acted as their mentor and only the Senior team could do anything against their well balanced style of play. The Sophomores continued the fine record they established last year by again failing to win a game in the first four played, thus running up a total of ten games without a victory. However, a great amount of pleasure is derived by the players from the contests and a spirit of good sportsmanship prevails.

Hendricken Field, deserted and blanketed with snow throughout the winter, is once again the object of all eyes as Jack Flynn's proteges are now out there tossing the leathern pellet far and wide. The schedule this year contains the same kind of opposition as heretofore, with the addition of several new nines. All indications point to another banner year for the Friars. The pitching staff will receive most of Flynn's attention for the first few weeks, as the graduation of Eddie Quinton leaves the Dominican hurling corps with a seemingly unfillable vacancy. Al Blanche is expected to be the mainstay of the twirlers. Burdge, who pitched great ball last season, will be in there taking his turn if the injury he received in football will permit his doing so.

A host of ball-chasers are desirous of securing the position left open by the flailing Friar, Chief Marsella. This group includes Peter Gobis who has served on the varsity squad for the past two seasons; Frankie Holden, who played in the outfield for the Javees two years ago and who last year shifted his activities to third base with little success and two promising Sophomores, Omer Landry and Tom Finneran. Of the candidates, Gobis and Holden appear on paper to be the most outstanding because of their greater experience.

On the hot corner, Madden and Healy will again be fighting it out for supremacy, with Madden the one who will probably have a slight edge. Two or three members from last year's Freshman squad are also trying to edge in. Out at second base Wally Corbett will undoubtedly have his own way as will Oscar Perrin at the keystone sack. Roberge and Tebbets are vying with one another behind the plate again, but at this early date it would be inconsistent to foretell which of the two will draw down the assignment. It will probably end up as in other years by the two alternating with each other, barring, of course, possible accidents. In center field we can see no one but the home-run king of the Friars, Leo Marion. In right, Koslowski has a slight edge over the rest of the candidates, unless he should attempt to gain a place on the twirling staff as it is so rumored. However, this is to be regarded as mere conjecture.

From whatever angle we look at it we expect Walter Corbett and his mates to travel far on the road toward another Eastern Collegiate Baseball Championship. Greater attendance is expected than was the case in the past years and all loyal Providence fans, both Alumni and student body, should be out on the field giving them both vocal and financial support.

A large group of Freshmen have reported to Coach Flynn and a schedule has been arranged that dwarfs the one for the Varsity. Over twenty-five games have been carded to date with more prospects in view if there is available time to contest them. It is much too early to predict a possible line-up of the team and the players are not well enough known to us as yet.

The tennis team has begun practice for a rigorous schedule which will test their strength to the utmost. Dame fortune has played a prank upon them, however, as the best racquet swinger in the college is a Freshman. He is Frank Fitzpatrick who last fall was crowned as tennis champ of PC by virtue of his victory in the annual fall tennis tourney. The Varsity includes such veterans as Fred Gorman, Gene Hebert,

Irving Anger, Rene Barrette and Louis Fitzgerald. The Frosh, strengthened greatly by the flashy Fitzpatrick, are expected to have a very successful season. Both squads face hard and difficult schedules, but it is expected that PC will rise to new heights in this very popular sport.

Captain Danny Galosso has had his club swingers out on the Municipal Golf Course several afternoons of late in preparation for the coming round of matches. The schedule is practically the same as the one of last year with a few additions. Danny has his eyes wide open from dawn to dusk in the search for new talent in the student body and from reports it seems that he is meeting with a fair amount of success. Every effort is being made to encourage this sport here at Providence College and students should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the team in action whenever it is possible to do so. Many matches will be played on Providence links and a large turnout of students is expected.

Providence College, Providence, R. I.
March 7, 1934.

Mr. Albert McClellan
Basketball Coach
Providence College.

Dear Coach:

Our years at Providence College will soon be past history. Before passing from under your guidance, we, the Grads of your squad, cannot omit our plain duty to express our appreciation for all that you have done for us.

We sincerely feel that our happiest and best days have been spent under your tutelage in basketball. We have been happy with you because, aside from your fine professional work, you have been to us at all times a splendid example of cleanliness in mind and body; and above all you have shown us what it really means to be a sport, a gentleman and a friend. We congratulate you and thank you.

You have drawn from us our best. You have made us like our work and have made athletics a real play instead of a drudgery. You have given to us and to our college a distinguished name for discipline and clean sportsmanship. In this you have clearly demonstrated your ability to transfer those qualities from yourself to us through wise and friendly disciplinary measures.

We are justly proud of our character and reputation as known at home and abroad; just as we are the better for having come under your influence during these years. It is our earnest hope, for the greater renown of our college, that your personality and your influence may be some day extended to include other athletic activities on the campus.

We take the liberty of making our hopes and sentiments in your behalf known to the College Athletic Council by sending them a copy of this letter, believing them to be for the best interests of the College as well as a recognition on our part of the consideration you so well merit.

With renewed assurance of our esteem, we wish you and your family health, happiness and prosperity.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed)

Edward Koslowski, Captain
Allan Brachen
Oscar Perrin
John Morrison
Oliver Roberge
Edward Reilly

The following schedules have been given to us by the Athletic Office to whom we are greatly indebted. We think that this is one of the most representative schedules ever compiled here at Providence College. Fifty-three spring sport events are listed. Providence baseball fans are reminded that all home games will start at three-fifteen. Let us all show our loyalty and be present at every contest. We owe it to ourselves, to the College, and to the team.

- Sat., April 14—Varsity Baseball, Harvard at Cambridge, Mass.
- Wed., April 18—Varsity Baseball, Army at West Point, New York.
- Thurs., April 19—Varsity Baseball (Pending).
- Fri., April 20—Varsity Baseball, State Teachers College at East Stroudsburg, Pa.
- Sat., April 21—Varsity Baseball, City College at New York City.
Freshman Baseball, Assumption College at Hendricken Field.
- Sun., April 22—Varsity Baseball, St. John's College at Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Wed., April 25—Freshman Baseball, St. John's Prep at Danvers, Mass.
Freshman Tennis, Moses Brown School at Providence.
- Fri., April 27—Varsity Baseball, Dartmouth at Hendricken Field.
- Sat. April 28—Varsity Tennis, Brown at Providence.
Freshman Baseball, Holy Cross Freshmen at Hendricken Field.
- Tues., May 1—Freshman Baseball, Boston College Freshmen at Boston.
- Wed., May 2—Varsity Baseball, Springfield College at Hendricken Field.
Varsity Tennis, Mass. Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Mass.
- Fri., May 4—Freshman Tennis, Brown Freshmen at Providence.
- Sat., May 5—Varsity Baseball, Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.
Freshman Baseball, Dean Academy at Franklin, Mass.
Freshman Tennis, Dean Academy at Franklin, Mass.

- Mon., May 7—Varsity Golf, Worcester Polytech at Providence.
Freshman Baseball, Nichols College at Hendricken Field.
- Tues., May 8—Varsity Baseball, Lowell Textile at Providence.
- Wed., May 9—Varsity Tennis, Connecticut State at Storrs, Conn.
Freshman Tennis, Connecticut State at Storrs, Conn.
Freshman Baseball, Brown Freshmen at Aldrich Field.
- Thurs., May 10—Varsity Golf, Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Mass.
Freshman Baseball, Yale Freshmen at New Haven, Conn.
- Fri., May 11—Varsity Tennis, Worcester Polytech at Worcester, Mass.
- Sat., May 12—Varsity Baseball, Brown at Aldrich Field.
Freshman Tennis, Classical High at Providence.
- Mon., May 14—Varsity Golf, Tufts College at Medford, Mass.
Freshman Baseball, Nichols College at Dudley, Mass.
Freshman Tennis, Nichols College at Dudley, Mass.
- Tues., May 15—Varsity Baseball, New Hampshire at Durham, N. H.
Freshman Baseball, Dean Academy at Hendricken Field.
Varsity Golf, Boston College at Providence.
Varsity Tennis, New England Intercollegiates at Boston.
- Wed., May 16—Varsity Baseball, Dartmouth at Hanover, N. H.

- Thurs., May 17—Varsity Golf, Amherst at Amherst, Mass.
(Pending).
- Fri., May 18—Varsity Tennis, Tufts College at Providence.
- Sat., May 19—Varsity Baseball, Boston College at Boston.
Freshman Baseball, Brown Freshmen at Hendricken Field.
- Mon., May 21—Varsity Golf, Brown at Providence.
Freshman Baseball, Boston College Freshmen at Hendricken Field.
- Wed., May 23—Varsity Tennis, Clark University at Worcester, Mass.
Freshman Baseball, Assumption College at Hendricken Field.
- Fri., May 25—Varsity Tennis, Springfield College at Springfield, Mass.
- Sat., May 26—Varsity Baseball, Brown at Aldrich Field.
(P.M.)
Freshman Baseball, St. John's Prep at Hendricken Field. (A.M.)
- Sun., May 27—Varsity Baseball, St. John's College at Hendricken Field.
- Wed., May 30—Varsity Baseball, Tufts College at Medford, Mass.
- Sat., June 2—Varsity Baseball, Boston College at Hendricken Field.
- Wed., June 6—Varsity Baseball, Yale at New Haven, Conn.
- Sat., June 9—Varsity Baseball, Holy Cross at Hendricken Field.





Residue

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

Stays Home with His Music and Books

Should this present column turn out to be exclusively on the side of the liberal arts, this may be traced to the rare occasion mentioned in the title. . . . Then again it may have been inspired by a recent remark of Mal, "What we need is more education". . . . To which the OL facetiously (for the first time in his life) replied, "Fancy your saying that". . . . The book, incidentally, was entitled 'A Survey of Secondary Education in the United States.' . . . The music, the new Alma Mater of Providence College, based upon the tone poem Finlandia. . . . Since the evening in question the OL has done naught but make surveys and sing. . . . A committee waited upon him today, imploring him to make surveys if he must.

Goes to the Castle with Mal

The event, the Mount Pleasant premiere of 'The Strange Interlude,' approximately three years later than its New York opening, and immediately prior to its passage into the limbo of forgotten talkies. . . . Mal evinced a strange, intense interest. . . . The OL knows Mal's moments when he sees them. . . . And so, no word was spoken until coffee at the Home Plate Diner. . . . OL: "O'Neill seems always to be striving for the outre, the bizarre, don't you think?". . . . Mal: "Well, yes and no". . . . Mal is always the philosopher. . . . "I had hoped that the chorus character had seen its best day; that prologues, epilogues, and asides had succumbed to the dogma that a

play must tell its own story in the most natural manner". . . .
 Mal: "There's something to that". . . .Here Mal was critical (the sign being a languorous rolling of the eyes). . . .OL: "As a literary critic I champion modern dramatic technique which reveals character to us by plot, dialogue, gesture, setting, and make-up". . . ."Me too". . . .OL: "I shudder to think of the ridicule that would attend a serious revival of the melodramatic technique with its superficial action and its violence to the logic of the plot". . . ."Yes". . . .Here Mal forgot his distinction. . . .OL: "And again I have always been annoyed by the *raisonneur* of some of the French plays of today". . . .Mal: "*Raisonneur, raisonneur, O yes, so have I*". . . .Here Mal was totally *sine lumine cultus*. . . .OL: "And now contemporary critics have made the ominous prophecy that O'Neill will give the drama back to the Greeks; think of that, my friend". . . .Mal registered complete disgust as he replied, "Everything you say is true, but what got me tonight was the spectacle of the characters speaking out their thoughts; man O man". . . .If the OL lives long enough, he is going to take Mal to the Castle to see 'Ah Wilderness.'

Makes Survey Number One

This being a census of PC Alumni prominent in the field of secondary education in the State of Rhode Island:

In Providence: John Baglini, Charles Bleiler, Guido Cerilli, Francis Crowe, Edward Cunningham, William Dooley, William Gannon, Edmund Hetherman, John Krieger, Clarence Lyons, Edwin Lynch, Charles McCormick, Joseph McCormick, Thomas McElroy, Hugh Maguire, John Moran, Angelo Murchelano, John O'Connell, Edmund Quinn, John Reavey, Wilfred Roberts, Richard Ryan, Alban Ryder, Andrew Sullivan, Frederick Tomassi, John Tomassi.

In Pawtucket: Gregory Coughlin, Thomas Curley, Albert Dubuc, Frederick Gregory, Robert Smith.

In Central Falls: Joseph Fay, John Keough, Richard McCaffrey.

In Cumberland: Andrew Crawley, James Flaherty, Bernard Norton.

In West Warwick: Francis Gibney, Lawrence Mailloux,
Francis Mullen, John Rich.

In Bristol: Edward Rinaldi.

In East Providence: Francis Lally.

In Burrillville: Harold O'Connor.

In Warren: James McGeough.

In Westerly: Leo Smith.

In Newport: John Hanley.

In Portsmouth: Lawrence Wheeler.

Makes Survey Number Two

This being a census of PC Alumni prominent in the field of secondary education in other States.

In Massachusetts: William Bell (Worcester), John Coughlan (Revere), Martin Gibbons (Clinton), Carrol Hickey (Pittsfield), Robert McCarthy (Pittsfield), Stephen Nawrocki (Fall River), William Norton (New Bedford), Charles Reilly (Taunton), Peter Rzekniekiewicz (Ware), Charles Smith (Fall River), Stanley Szydla (Ware), John Triggs (Brockton).

In Connecticut: Francis Carr (New Haven), Cletus Lenaghan (Hartford).

In New York: John Murphy (Valley Stream).

In New Jersey: Joseph Watterson.

Sees Another Alumni Ball

And here and now expresses the ardent hope that these may never end. . . . He was in a happy mood. . . . And he was not the only one. . . . There was. . . . But, after all, there was everybody. . . . And all these and more will be there next year. . . . We are having the Armory, you know.

Sends a Telegram

Of good wishes to the New Haven Club upon its inception. . . . Guests and press alike attest the unusual success of the inaugural smoker which was held on the evening of Monday, January the twenty-ninth. . . . The OL promises not

to miss the next affair of this splendid organization of PC's loyal sons.

Pays Silent Tribute

To the memory of Reverend Walter Heffernan of the class of 1932. . . . To the memory of Howard J. Croft of the Class of 1931. . . . To the memory of Thomas M. McCarthy of the class of 1932.

Receives Permission

To reveal, in his next column, something which has perplexed many leading psychologists of the day, namely, Mal's phobia.

Daniel J. O'Neill, Ph.D.



Nitwit Notes and Caustic Comment

As a clear-eyed herald of a lagging Spring the March "Alembic" trips its merry way into the collegiate scene replete with wit and wisdom and dressed in a dapper green for the seventeenth. This issue finds us as keenly alive to contemporary problems as ever, though perhaps not so glibly alert to set things right for an aching world.

We think our fiction especially noteworthy. "Born of the Sea" echoing as it does with the roar and crash of the perennially bounding main, and coming, moreover, from a notoriously nimble pen, contributes an enjoyably melodramatic and stirring story. As though this were not enough, E. Riley Hughes, erstwhile humorist, as if to prove that he can be plenty grim, goes in for gloom in a particularly distressing narrative—a grimmer piece of business we have seldom seen.

Traitors would we stand, and as traitors fall, if we failed to mention the Ould Sod in this, the month of its Patron Saint, the well beloved Patrick. If you doubt that the Irish have a way with them remove it by reading "The Irish Way."

Again frontispiece by Cavanaugh. We are glad to know he came in out of the cold for this one. With an eye for detail, our artist has sketched an admirable portion of our college building daily familiar to us all.

Such an article as "Liberty In the Soviet State" fills, we think, a crying need. We gullible and naive Americans are so apt to be too much impressed with Communistic propaganda and to actually look up to the Soviet State as a great and noble experiment in government, which, as this article points out, it certainly is not. The more that articles like this are read the less Red will be the readers.

Spiritualism finds an avid, and we might even say avoracious, student in Paul F. Connolly who has conned many a

volume of what we would consider deservedly forgotten lore to get to the crux of the spiritualist problem, which he aptly does. He does not, however, define the happy medium.

Our own Doctor O'Neil, who contributes a lively column of alumni news and gossip, was, we have been assured, peeved no end because he did not come in for any mention herein in our last issue. We cheerfully admit that we were at fault and would add that his column needs no accolade from us. After which, we can do no more than urge you to read the thing.

Traditions are being continually made and broken we are well aware, but when someone spends three delightful hours in what we fondly refer to as our office actually discussing literature with a pathetically ardent enthusiasm we lose all sense of location and begin to look around for our halo. 'Tis sadly true that such occasions are too, too rare.

Our sister department, the "Press Box," spasmodically conducted by those agile observers, Joe Dyer and Bart Skipp, should prove engrossing as usual with its timely comment on recent sports events that still occupy the student mind.

Being of the sterner stuff and possessing the calloused editorial mind we can hardly bring ourselves to confess that we were not so belabored with manuscripts as we had hoped. Nothing, we assure you, can please us more than to wade through a fen of prose and verse gleaned from your teeming brains.

No one is more ready to admit than we that we surpassed ourselves in this present number. Cynics who gravely doubt whether we can maintain the pace are herewith forewarned. Our contributors are preparing to outdo themselves for our next issue which is bound to contain the cream of the student thought, sweetened, of course, by our sage and timely comment.

Patronize

Alembic

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